Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

A LIVING SAINT.

A living saint is as much a better saint than a dead saint as life is better than death.

Miss Sophie Wright of New Orleans is a living saint—"St. Sophie" they call her.

You women who think your lot is hard, who feel that you have no chance to do things that are worth while—

Listen to the story of St. Sophie.

Miss Wright was born with a species of hip disease that has made her a cripple for life. Every step she takes is torture, and although she is a young woman in years her sufferings have turned her hair snow white. Her parents were poor and barely were able to support her through high school.

A life cripple, poor, without friends, how could she earn a living sainthood?

She began teaching school. That was twenty-five years ago when such a thing as a night school was unknown in New Orleans.

One night a young man, a stranded circus acrobat, came to her and said he could get a good job if only he could read and write. Would she not teach him?

She did, and that was the beginning of her night school. One by one the pupils came for free instruction until she was crowded out of her little home into larger quarters.

Today as the outcome of Sophie Wright's self sacrificing labors the night schools of New Orleans instruct 2,000 pupils, and some of the leading citizens have been educated in these schools.

Miss Wright started a private school for girls which is very successful. She makes her living by teaching in this school all day and gives her evenings to "her boys" in the night schools.

That is not all.

This crippled woman has built a home for crippled children. She is the main support of the Home For Convalescents and scores of other charities.

Every year the Picayune, a newspaper, gives a loving cup to that citizen who has done the greatest public good for the city during the year. Several years ago Miss Wright was awarded the cup. In it was a check for $10,000, subscribed by the people of New Orleans to cancel a debt she had assumed in making room for her night schools.

Is it strange they should call her "St. Sophie" or that she is also known to the people as "the best citizen of New Orleans?"

She has effectually answered the age long query respecting woman, "What can she do?" She is of that noble company of women who are coming into their own in this our day.

Kate Barnard, "the angel of Oklahoma."

Sophie Wright, "leading citizen of New Orleans."

And there are others—plenty of them.

MONEY AND MARRIAGE.

The newspapers printed a story not long ago that illustrated the old truth that happiness in marriage is not dependent upon money.

A rich young married couple by some turn of the wheel of fortune lost all their money. Instead of being wealthy these people became very poor.

"Never mind, dear," said the wife: "you can get a job and I can cook."

There were no repinings on either side and no reproaches. The husband got a job by which he was able to make a bare living. The wife gave up her sumptuous home and servants and went to a small flat, where she did her own work and helped her husband besides.

Despite their misfortunes they were quite happy together.

Then came another turn of the wheel and by inheritance the couple was rich again.

And then the sequel:

The money that came to them proved a curse instead of a blessing. The husband could not stand prosperity. Luxury enervated him. He lost moral fiber. He fell into evil ways. Gradually the husband and wife drifted away from each other—she into society, he into business and sports. Finally the husband's infidelity became intolerable. He was notoriously untrue to the wife who had stood by him in the day of adversity.

The story reached its climax in the sordid proceedings of the divorce court.

All of which is typical.

As between the two, it would seem that poverty has its advantages over great wealth in connubial matters.

True, the hard conditions of the poor take much out of life's romance and tend to make men and women callous. But—

Poverty endured in the right spirit does tend to bind husband and wife together in close and intimate fellowship.

On the other hand—

Wealth tends to separate man and wife. The husband is busy making money or taking care of his property. He, as a rich man, is subjected to temptations a poor man never knows. The wife, with nothing to do, seeks some sort of sensations—society, entertainment or flirtations. Both of them, if they are not careful, weaken themselves by self indulgence. And they drift apart.

The divorce court record ends it.

The poor man and wife have no leisure for luxury. They are too busy to seek sensations or daily with "affinities." Lacking money for entertainments, they are thrown together for companionship. Mutual suffering binds them together.

On the whole, one is inclined to pray the prayer of Hagar, "Give me neither poverty nor riches."

WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?

Few of us ever sit down and deliberately take an inventory of our lives.

Some of us are too busy. Some of us never think about it. Some of us shrink from the ordeal.

"Where are you at?"

Take some paper and a pencil and write down faithfully what you have done during the twenty-four hours of the day.

Make an accurate record.

If you have merely gone about at your accustomed work write that down, being very careful to note whether or not you have done a good job or a poor one.

If you have had a useful thought that would have benefited somebody, did you make it known? If so, put it down in your record to the credit of good intentions.

If you have spoken a kind word to some one, cheered a child, put your hand on some man's shoulder by way of encouragement, helped some one by a suggestion, given a dollar in charity, visited the sick, helped to bury the dead or dry an orphan's tear—put it down.

If, contrawise, you have been entirely useless to any one that needed your help, if you have frowned on your task, complained of your ills, refused to look on the bright side, neglected to speak the word that would have cheered or to do the turn that would have helped—put that down also.

And—

If one day's record contains but little that is good or bad, useful or useless, take a week's record, or a fortnight's.

When you have finished read it over.

You will discover, perhaps, on careful reading that you have omitted something.

Put it in and read the record over again carefully. Let it sink into your mind.

Will you be ashamed? Perhaps. Will you be proud? Maybe.

Anyway, you will have tested the current of your life, its drift and tendency, and from this showing you will be able to read your own character much better than any palmist or fortune teller.

Or—

If you cannot make up your own judgment as to what your life really is, take the record to a friend and let him judge.

What? You shrink from that?

Well, should you conclude to get the friend's judgment, don't get mad when he gives it.

What is your life?

Is it not time you should know?

"THE GOOD OLD TIMES."

Distance lends enchantment to the view.

Through the haze of distance the hills lose their rugged aspects.

Time puts halos about the brows of men and women that are dead.

Recently there has been a renaissance of the fame of Joan of Arc. She has been made a saint—and deservedly so. But Joan of Arc lived so long ago that her virtues have been exalted above that of living maidens.

Are there girls as heroic and as patriotic today?

Certainly.

Isaura Villanueve, a Spanish woman who incited the Yaqui Indians in their justified revolt against the Mexican government, was a modern Joan of Arc. Humiliated, but heroic, she committed suicide a few weeks ago by stabbing herself nine times.

Isaura Villanueve may not be canonized a saint in the years to come, but her devotion and heroism were as great as that of the Maid of Orleans.

Nearly 2,000 years ago lived a philanthropic woman named Dorcas.

A modest woman, she made clothes for the destitute and won immortality by her needle. Thousands of Dorcas societies have paid tribute to her memory.

Are there women like Dorcas today? Thousands of them.

Take the case of Kate Barnard of Oklahoma. She is known as "the angel of Oklahoma." She has clothed and looked after a small army of children. She has secured employment for hundreds of men and women. She has reformed men, rescued women and saved little children.

And besides all this—the work of a hundred Dorcases—she has been a potent influence in the organization and early legislation of the new state.

Kate Barnard may never be sainted and will not go down in history as Dorcas has—because Dorcas lived so long ago.

"The good old times?"

Why, these are the best times the world has ever known. Talk of the "golden age." THIS IS THE GOLDEN AGE.

The trouble is with our spectacles. They are adjusted to long range vision, and we cannot see the people and things near us.

If you yearn for the good old times and overlook the GOOD NEW TIMES, change your focus!

Men and women are not the better because they have been dead a long time.

Where one was brave or pure or heroic in the old days there are a thousand brave and pure and heroic today.

A POLITE HUSBAND.

This is an unusual tale of a judicious husband and a silly wife.

An Illinois man learned somehow that his wife intended to elope with another man. He made no effort to prevent the elopement, merely taking care to intercept the train on which the wife departed at the station where she was to meet her gay admirer.

The husband selected the psychological moment when the couple exchanged the first greetings on the station platform.

He stepped up to the elopers and, raising his hat, remarked in well modulated voice:

"Pardon me, I am about to take this lady home to her mother."

The couple was taken by surprise. The man in the case fidgeted a moment and faded away. The woman was so dazed she could offer no remonstrance.

She was hustled into a closed carriage. Her husband mounted the box with the driver. And thus she was conveyed back to her starting point.

The husband escorted her to her mother's door and, upon the appearance of the mother, politely said:

"I beg your pardon, madam, but I have brought your daughter home."

He then went back to his work as if nothing had happened.

Evidently this husband had a sense of dramatic fitness that was opposed to the usual melodrama of such occasions. Certainly he did his act artistically and without heroics.

The sequel? The wife later on got a divorce on the charge of "desertion," the husband, with admirable taste, refusing to make any defense in court.

The Lothario, brave esquire of dames, never afterward appeared in those parts.

Sensible husband!

He very well knew he could not prevent the elopement. Obstacles would have made the woman more determined.

Besides—

Where was the use of making a fuss over a shallow, witless woman who would leave a good husband to go away with an adventurer?

The woman herself was saved from a worse fate.

Without doubt the sort of fellow who would entice a wife would mistreat her sooner or later. That is usually the sad history of such escapades.

It were better to suffer the smiles of the community than to crawl back some day to her mother's door, or—

As for the husband, his actions were infinitely politer than the husband who shoots the admirer—or the wife.

THE NEWLYWEDS.

Many June brides are now suffering actual headaches over the new and different problems of housekeeping.

The honeymoon not yet over, the new wife's domestic task is already cut out for her. In setting up the household gods of the new home severe tests have come to the inexperienced housewife.

You see, in the first place, there are husbands and husbands.

One sort sympathizes with the perplexed wifey and laughs good naturedly over her mistakes. May his tribe increase! Another sort—the spoiled darling of a doting mother—does not refrain from observing that—

"The kind mother used to make is different."

Or, "Mother does it this way."

The obtuse young fellow does not realize how acutely sensitive on this point his wife may be.

Comparisons are always odious, and especially in this matter.

Mother's ways may be the best ways or not. That is not the point. Each young married woman, when she sets up housekeeping, has her own views.

Mother-in-law may put the dishes in the cupboard at an angle of forty-five degrees or lay them flat. She may place the broom in the corner right side up or upside down. It matters not. The young wife has her own idea as to the disposition of brooms and dishes.

And she is entitled to her way.

So it is exasperating when Will's mother or sister notes the wife's way to observe, "Yes, that is good, but, you see, Will is accustomed to have it done this way." The young housekeeper resents this gratuitous advice.

And when Will himself suggests that "mother's way" is so and so it is like rubbing salt into the wound.

"Mother never had any trouble?" No, mother has been doing the thing over and over for a quarter of a century. Of course she has no trouble that Will can remember about. But Will's wife has been at the task for only a few days.

Poor young housewives!

Do not hamper them by much advice. And do not criticise them nor institute comparisons with "mother's way," or grandmother's or great-grandmother's.

Have a care, Madam Mother-in-law. Give the girl a chance to work out her own salvation.

And you, young fellow—be very helpful and very sympathetic. Your wife is doing her best to please you.

And you, the bride of a month or so—why, you will smile on all these trials in the years to come.

A BIG PIGPEN.

Stanley Ketchel is a "pug" who bruises and is bruised inside the ropes for hire and for the delectation of sports. But he knows a thing or two aside from prizefighting.

Speaking of his plans for retirement from the ring, he says:

"The open country for me, with lots of fresh air. I soon tire of the bright lights of Broadway. They've made a bum out of many a good fighter, and I'm going to give them a wide berth."

Wise Ketchel!

Another athlete, "Farmer" Burns, one time champion wrestler, is a real farmer. He owns and manages several good Iowa farms. Both as wrestler and farmer he makes hay while the sun shines.

Frank Gotch, champion wrestler, also owns an Iowa farm. Speaking on the occasion of his recent marriage, Gotch said he intended to put every dollar he could save into land.

These athletes have seen men like John L. Sullivan and others lose their money and health in the miasma of city muck, and they have profited by the observation.

When a fighter is in training he must be abstemious, but the trouble comes with success. The Great White Way makes a bum of him.

You people who live in the open country, who breathe the air of the good, wide spaces, can scarcely know—unless you have seen it—the squalor and filth of the places where the masses herd in the cities.

A big city is a big pigpen!

That is right. A comparative few live in great luxury, but the great masses are hemmed into the tenements like pigs. Many a farmer's pigsty is a place of comfort by the side of some of the city places where thousands of human beings are confined.

There they live and breed and rot and die.

Under filthy conditions hogs will contract cholera. Under filthy conditions humans are infected with every sort of disease.

Why do they stay?

They are fascinated by the bright lights and in love with the rush and roar of the streets. So much does the feverish, overwrought life of the city appeal to them that they refuse the offered chance to go to the small farms which they may buy on small payments and live the quiet, simple life where there is comfort and plenty.

And so the lights of Broadway have made a bum of many a good fighter in life.

The city—breeding place of contagion and anarchy—takes the beauty and strength, the purity of the country, and then spews it out a mass of weakness, squalor, corruption.

Why the Guide Sighed.

"This," said the guide who was piloting a bunch of tourists through the hackneyed spots of Egypt, "is the mummy of a very famous man. He was a high priest, the wisest man of his day. He lived to a great age. Born B. C."—

"And was his last illness fatal?" queried the wag of the party.

The guide regarded him with a look of infinite pity.

"It was, sir," he responded coldly.

"That's queer!" rejoined the waggish one. "His personal appearance would seem to indicate that he was permanently cured."

And then the guide sighed deeply. He had grown so used to that old joke, and every one who came along imagined himself the inventor of it.

Lunch and Luncheon.

"We don't have dinner in the middle of the day at our boarding house any more."

"You have lunch, I suppose?"

"No, luncheon."

"Well, that's the same thing."

"Oh, no, it isn't! Lunch is a light dinner, and luncheon is a light lunch."—Puck.

Cure For Lonesomeness.

The redheaded girl is a winner—and the man who gets one will not be lonesome. He will soon find out whether he has drawn a Titian haired angel or a combination of a cyclone and a sunset.—Baltimore Sun.

The learned man conceals his erudition, the silly man clothes himself with it.—Houssaye.

ODD JOBS ON WARSHIPS.

Many Ways For the Bluejackets to Make Extra Money.

The possible methods of making extra money on shipboard are manifold. "Tailorizing" is one of the most profitable. While a ship's tailor is detailed to most of our ships his duties are limited to making necessary alterations in the uniforms which are issued to the members of the crew. Many enlisted men own sewing machines, upon which they do repair work, and they also do odd jobs for officers, such as pressing and cleaning. A handy man with the needle can also make a handsome sum by doing fancy work. Some of the most delicate embroidery work has been done by sailormen.

The ship's barber also makes a comfortable living in addition to his regular pay, and the distribution of prizes at target practice enriches the coffers of the gun crew by a considerable sum. Men who are detailed to duty on board submarine boats are allowed an additional $5 a month and besides $1 a day for every day the boat is submerged. Bluejackets detailed as signalmen, as cockswains of power boats or in charge of holds are allowed extra pay. A crew messman receives $5 a month for performing that somewhat menial function, and the man who is not ashamed to "take in washing" can easily double his navy pay. Every bluejacket is expected to perform the laundering himself, but there are always men who prefer to pay for having the service done.

One of the novel methods of earning an honest penny is for a man with a descriptive knack—usually a yeoman—to prepare an interesting letter upon the cruise of the ship or some of the strange ports visited, the honors paid the vessel, the entertainments offered and describing the customs of the inhabitants. These letters are manifolded and sold to the members of the crew for 50 cents to $1 a copy—and usually cheap at that. The parents or relatives of the sailor boy thus are kept informed of his adventures and experiences and he is relieved of a task that is irksome to most boys.—John R. Cox in National Magazine.

STAR GAZING.

The Study of the Constellations as a Pastime.

Probably every reader has often admired the beauty of a starlight night. A little careful observation on such a night will show that the brighter stars may be divided into groups or "constellations," as the astronomers call them, most of which are known by the names of animals or legendary persons, such for example as "the Great Bear," "the Swan," "Hercules," "Andromeda," etc. The easiest method of learning these "constellations" is from some one already acquainted with them, but if the beginner is not fortunate enough to know any such person the majority can be learned from any cheap star maps such as are sometimes contained in almanacs.

Now, if the budding astronomer will notice the position of any of these groups or constellations at a particular hour of any night and then look a few hours afterward he will see that during the interval the stars which appeared low down in the east have risen to the south in a somewhat similar manner to the apparent motion of the sun and moon, while closer attention on several evenings will show a circular or rotary movement around the north pole of the heavens, the motion being the opposite way to the hands of a clock.

Near the north pole is a bright star called the "Pole star." This star is easily found when the observer has once noted the seven bright stars of the "Great Bear," the two outer stars of the four forming the "square" known as the "pointers" point almost directly to the Pole star. This majestic movement of the stars around the pole of the heavens is a most sublime and wonderful sight.—Country Side.

The Shorter Word.

The day before Christmas Edith, aged ten, had a number of packages tied up for distribution. The doctor felt of one intended for "Uncle John"—and the rest is as the New York Sun prints it.

"That's some tobacco," said the doctor, as he fingered the package.

"How can you tell?" asked Edith.

"Because I am a good diagnostician," he replied.

Then, as Edith seemed somewhat dazed at the big word, the doctor inquired:

"Do you know what a diagnostician is?"

"Yes," she answered promptly. "It's a good guesser."

Criminal.

She—I can't bind myself until I'm sure. Give me time to decide, and if six months hence I feel as I do now I will be yours. Ardent Adorer—I could never wait that long, darling. Besides, the courts have decided that dealing in futures without the actual delivery of the goods is gambling pure and simple.—Puck.

The One to Blame.

"It is the duty of every man and woman to be married at the age of twenty-two," said the lecturer.

"Well," said a woman of thirty, with some asperity, "you needn't tell me that. Talk to the man."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Withering Wind.

The name of harmattan has been given a periodical wind which blows from the interior of Africa toward the Atlantic during the three months of December, January and February. It sets in with a fog or dry haze, which sometimes conceals the sun for whole weeks together. Every plant, every bit of grass and leaf in its course is withered as though it had been seared by heat from a furnace. Often within an hour after it begins to blow green grass is dry enough to burn like paper. Even the hardened natives lose all of the skin on exposed parts during the prevalence of this withering wind.

Painful Ailment.

Though gout is generally reckoned a disease of rich men and free livers, one of the worst of sufferers from it was a well known English minister who died not long ago.

A friend once said to him, "Dr. So-and-so, what is gout like?"

The clergyman smiled sadly. "If you put your hand in a vise," he said, "and let a man press as hard as he can, that is rheumatism, and if he can be got to press a little harder, that is gout."

Why He Came Back.

"Wasn't you here a few weeks ago?" asked the woman of the house at the back door.

"Yes'm," replied the wanderer, "but I understood from a pal that you've got a new pastry cook since then."—Yonkers Statesman

PAUL JONES' PROMISE.

Our Great Naval Hero and the Duchess of Chartres.

The Duchess of Chartres was an enthusiast in the cause of American liberty and a warm friend of its great naval champion, Paul Jones, whom she nicknamed the "Untitled Knight of the Sea." The duchess was a royal princess and a very great lady, and Captain Jones was a sailor, self educated and the son of a Scotch gardener, but in the exchange of gifts and compliments which, according to the custom of the day in France attended their friendship, he was not to be outshone.

At a luncheon which she gave just before he sailed from France in the Ranger on that famous cruise of his which carried the war to the very shore of Britain it was the good fortune of Paul Jones to share in a conversation touching a French naval engagement in which the grandfather of the duchess had borne a conspicuous part and to defend and explain his maneuvers on that occasion, showing a knowledge of every ship and every captain engaged and winning on the spot the ardent personal adherence of Mme. de Chartres.

At the close of the feast she presented him a valuable watch which had been her grandfather's. Taken by surprise, the American captain nevertheless accepted it with a grace that charmed the courtly company, promising that in return, if fortune favored him, he would some day "lay an English frigate at her feet."

It was a daring boast, but in A. C. Buell's biography of Paul Jones it is related how he kept it. Within two years occurred the marvelous victory of the Bonhomme Richard over the Serapis, concerning which the victor wrote the duchess a letter, ending, "The enemy surrendered at thirty-five minutes past 10 p. m. by your watch, which I consult only to fix the moment of victory."

That was a phrase to delight a society that reveled in pretty phrases, and the duchess was amply satisfied. When Paul Jones reached Paris she gave a grand banquet in his honor. Just before it ended he reminded her of her gift and his promise. A servant was sent to his room and returned with a long leather case, which the duchess took amid the exclamations and eager curiosity of the company.

"Your royal highness perceives the impossibility of keeping my promise in kind," explained the knight of the sea, smiling. "The English frigate proved to be a forty-four on two decks, and she is now at Lorient with French colors flying. The best I can do toward keeping my word of two years ago is to place in your dainty hands the sword of the brave officer who commanded her. I have the honor to surrender to the loveliest of women the sword surrendered to me by one of the bravest of men—the sword of Captain the Hon. Richard Pearson of his Britannic majesty's late ship, the Serapis."

Fooled.

He was a doctor and was patiently waiting for his first patient.

Thought he: "If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain. And as patients will not seek me out I must needs seek them out."

He strolled through the cheap market and presently saw a man buy six nice cucumbers.

"Here's a chance!" said he and followed him home.

Patiently he waited for four long and lonely hours, and about midnight the front door quickly opened, and the man dashed down the steps.

He seized him by the arm and cried earnestly:

"Do you want a doctor?"

"No!" replied the man roughly. "Want more cucumbers!"—London Answers.

The Bride's Linen Room.

If a groom elect has not provided an extra room to his house for storing his bride's linen he should build it in time, for in these days whenever a girl marries her mother closes her lips grimly, goes after pa's pocketbook and does the right thing with nine dozen towels, fifteen dozen napkins, eighty-four pairs of sheets, etc. She doesn't expect her daughter to open a boarding house, but she has proper pride and intends to do the right thing by the girl even if it breaks pa.—Atchison Globe.